Lonely Days

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Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Seokjin | Jin

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he's only there for a bit, Light Angst, Relationship Problems, this is an actual tag, Namjoon is overworked and stressed, Yoongi is worried and insecure, someone help them please, don't be mad at poor Namjoon when you read this, they just need to talk things out, Tense Atmosphere, a bit gloomy, Fluff, Sad Min Yoongi | Suga, he's eating ice creat from the tub so that says a lot, Happy Ending, signs of Burnout, No Smut, Yoongi is younger than Namjoon

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Lonely Days

by DancingSkys

Summary

This is the seventh time Namjoon has cancelled their plans during the last weeks because of work and to say Yoongi is worried would be an understatement.
So, naturally, he tries to be a good boyfriend and somewhat keep their balance, their anniversary is approaching after all but sometimes even being the best possible boyfriend is not enough to prevent things from going down.

Notes

! Important !
I wanted to upload another part before this but I'm honestly not sure if you'll like it... I wante dto ask you guys before I do upload it if you are interested in SugaMon doing something with some of the others and I don't mean just meting up... obviously.
I'm really not sure about it anymore so please tell me...

Now, I said signs of burnout in the tags and you'll probably see what I meant with that. I know what it feels like to see someone go through this so... yeah...

I wanted to show that no relationship is perfect and things can go wrong all the time. We are all human after all~
I hope you'll enjoy this slightly longer story and I'm doing my best to work on the requests I have gotten >.< Thank you guys again for reading, commenting and just supporting this series, it really, really means a lot to me <3

Playparty Part 2 is not forgotten ;)

DancingSkys

Yoongi frowned down at his phone, an unintentioned pout sneaking onto his face as he read the message he had just received.

Sorry, munchkin, I have to work late tonight so you'll have to eat alone

Case is more trouble than I thought it would be

Don't wait up for me

Love you <3

"What's that?" one of Yoongi's friends asked and looked over his shoulder, trying to read the message but the mint-haired locked the screen before he could read it.

"My boyfriend just canceled on me," he said and his friend hummed in understanding.

"Sucks."

:(

"Mr. Kim, there was a call from Mrs. Lee. She asked to rearrange the meeting because of a sudden personal incident. I have scheduled it to next friday 4:15," the woman said after opening the black door to her boss' office, the man looking up at her from the files in his hands.

"Ah, I see, thanks Nari."

The young woman smiled and nodded her head, going to close the door just as her name was called again, looking back into the room.

"Please remember to go home on time. Just because I'm working longer doesn't mean you have to as well," the lawyer said, looking at her over the edge of his glasses.

Nari smiled again. "Thank you, Mr. Kim, I'll keep that in mind."

Namjoon nodded at his secretary and sighed once the door was shut again, rubbing his temples and focusing back onto the files spread out

before him. This would be a long night.

“What do you think? Is it more of a ‘I really need caffein’ day or more of a ‘I just want something good’ day?” Yoongi asked absentmindedly, staring at the big chalkboard above the counter with furrowed eyebrows, scanning all the available items.

Aron looked up from his phone to stare at his friend instead. “Dude, I have no idea. He’s your boyfriend. How am I supposed to know what he likes?”

Me strapped to a bed , Yoongi thought for a short moment before shaking his head. Not now. They hadn’t had any real playtime in… he had lost the count of days actually but he was pretty sure they were nearing a month. He sighed instead and tapped his foot, still not knowing what to chose before he decided to play rock, paper, scissors with Aron to decide. He ended up getting ‘something good’ and an iced tea for himself, continuing his journey alone after departing from Aron and picking up some takeout along the way.

It was already late, eight pm to be exact and Namjoon usually stopped working at around five or half past five but this case seemed to take up a lot of time, the elder having cancelled on Yoongi seven times already before today. It couldn’t be really called cancelling though because the younger still went to his lover’s apartment and slept there, they just didn’t eat, watch a movie, cuddle and fall asleep together.

How depressing.

Yoongi had been at Namjoon’s office a few times already, either to visit him real quick or to pick something up the elder had forgotten together with him. Therefore he already knew Nari who looked up in surprise upon the door to their office opening at such a late hour.

“Yoongi,” she said in a surprised manner, eyes widening before her expression formed into a smile as she saw the drinks and plastic bag filled with food. “Aww, that’s so sweet of you,” she said, causing the student to blush and shuffle his feet awkwardly, not having expected her to be still there.

“S-sorry, I didn’t know you were still here or I would have-”

“Oh, no, no, no, no, don’t worry about that,” she laughed heartily. “I was about to leave anyway, no need to worry about me.” She turned

off her computer as she said this and picked up her purse from a shelf underneath her shiny, white desk.

“Do you already have something planned for your anniversary by the way? It’s soon, isn’t it?” the woman asked curiously and Yoongi broke out into a big smile, eyes almost sparkling. “Yeah, next Wednesday actually.” It made him happy just thinking about it. One year of being together, that really was a long time and he still couldn’t believe how much had changed and happened within just twelve months. “And Namjoon wanted to go to this really fancy restaurant, already made a reservation and everything. It’s way too expensive in my opinion but once he heard I liked sushi he said we really have to go there so… yeah,” he gave her a shy smile, trying to suppress the need to talk on and on about how excited he was, something he tended to do without realizing.

“That sounds lovely. I’m sure you’ll enjoy yourselves,” she said with a sweet smile before pointing at the bag in his hand. “Make sure he eats and doesn’t stay too long, yeah?” she said after rounding the table, walking in her heels effortlessly and her ponytail falling over one of her shoulders. “And enjoy your meal,” she called, waving as she opened and Yoongi uttering a small ‘thanks’ and ‘bye’. He turned around and walked down the hallway, steps muffled by the dark grey carpet.

He knocked onto the big black door with the silver name plate that read *Kim Namjoon* , feeling like he was here for an appointment rather than his boyfriend and pushing the door open carefully.

“Nari, what did I say about staying after hours?” Namjoon’s soft scolding voice reached the student’s ears, poking his head into the room. There was Mr. Kim, desk buried underneath piles and piles of paper, three cups stack upon each other dangerously, files cluttered on the floor in a messy heap, pens all over the place and the Master of Destruction seated right in the middle of it at his giant desk made out of dark wood. The whole office was way to professional, way too… expensive and neat in Yoongi’s eyes since he knew how the elder usually was out of work and he still couldn’t wrap his head around the fact that his boyfriend was a lawyer sometimes even after almost a year of being together. He just seemed way too silly for such a serious job.

Said lawyer looked up upon not receiving an answer, eyes widening comically as he realized his supposed secretary looked awfully similar to his boyfriend that should be back at home curled up into a blanket

and munching on some food instead of standing there and looking at him expectantly.

“Yoongi?!” he stuttered in both confusion and shock, the student grinning at the older and entering the room swiftly, raising his hands to show off what he had brought. “Am I the perfect boyfriend? I’m pretty sure I am,” he said cheerfully, setting everything down onto the glass coffee table in front of the sleek black leather couch that was once again way too professional.

“What… what are you doing here?” Namjoon asked, still somewhat shocked by the sudden appearance of his lover. “Making sure you eat,” came the response, Yoongi looking up at the lawyer expectantly once he had unpacked everything. He was hungry and the food smelled way too good to ignore. He was really trying his best here, knowing how their last meetups had gone down - quite literally - and hoping to bring back some cheerfulness this way.

The older deflated slightly. “Oh, pumpkin, that’s really sweet of you-” Yoongi narrowed his eyes at the other’s tone, having expected this already but that didn’t meant he’d give up this easily. “But I need to finish this. Start without me, yeah? I’ll eat later. You must be hungry so just eat without me, kay?” The student pursed his lips. “Nope, you’ll eat with me,” he said without hesitation and Namjoon just sent him a short glance before focusing back onto his computer screen like that was a lot easier to look at.

“Honey, I can’t right now. You eat first.”

Yoongi huffed and rolled his eyes, stalking over to the older and tugging on the sleeve of his white dress shirt like an impatient child, knowing he was straining the elder’s patience. “No, I want you to eat with me.”

“I have work to do.”

“I’ll unplug your computer.”

The lawyer’s eyes widened a bit and he sent a stern look in the younger’s direction like he was a bratty kid begging for attention. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Try me,” the student shot back, not backing down.

Namjoon closed his eyes and sighed tiredly and it pulled on the younger’s heartstrings to see him like this. “Yoongi-”

“Namjoon.”

The older looked at him in a serious manner but Yoongi stood his ground, staring back for a few moments silently. “Come on, your work is not going to run away. If you’re planning on working overtime you can at least make some room to have dinner with me. You can continue working after that but for now just come eat with me… please,” he said the last part slightly quieter, looking at his boyfriend sadly. They haven’t had a meal together in over three weeks after all and he knew the older was tired. There wasn’t much he could do for him but he could at least try to take his mind off of work for just half an hour and make sure he ate something. In between some random text, calls to say the elder would be late, missed dinner and strained talks because both of them were tired and stressed or annoyed there still had to be a bit of time for some affection, right?

“Please, Joonie.”

The older stared for some long moments before he sighed and turned off his screen, standing up from his office chair and stretching his sore back which seemed to pop in several places, sighing deeply. “So, what did you get?”

Yoongi smiled in victory and pressed a kiss onto the lawyer’s cheek before skipping over to the coffee table where the still hot food was waiting for them. “I dunno, just grabbed something of everything.” He grinned and peeled off the covers of the small plastic containers, Namjoon sitting down next to him in the couch. “And this,” he pushed one of the plastic cups into the elder’s hands, the latter taking a sip and humming at the taste. “This is good,” he mumbled and opened the lid to look what was inside.

The students grinned proudly, pushing a pair of chopsticks into the lawyer’s hand and picking up a container to start eating. He was starving and in desperate need of some food after all. They didn’t talk too much and that was fine because both of them were tired and Yoongi had already achieved his goal of eating with his boyfriend so he was happy with that for now.

Namjoon went back to work soon with an apologetic look, saying he was sorry that he wasn’t able to drive Yoongi back home but he just couldn’t leave his office just yet and telling the student he should probably get going before it was completely dark outside.

“I’m staying,” the student said, the lawyer looking at him in surprise.

“Yoongi, you don’t have to-”

“But I want to.”

Namjoon knew better than to start arguing back and forth again so he just nodded his head with a sigh. “Okay.” He went back to work and Yoongi let his eyes roam around the room until they fell onto the mess on the floor, biting his lip in thought. He shuffled over and started picking up the files, getting the elder’s attention again.

“Honey-”

“I know, I’m just stacking them up and getting them out of the way,” Yoongi said immediately, knowing Namjoon was not allowed to talk about any personal stuff regarding his clients and those files contained all sorts of information. The student knew better than to snoop around, staying true to his words and simply stacking up the files and setting the pile down against the wall so they were out of the way. He went around and gathered all pens, putting them into the container on the elder’s desk and bringing the empty cups to the small kitchen area before he went back to the couch and took out his notes and books from earlier that day, working quietly since he didn’t want to disturb Namjoon.

Hours passed and the glass wall showed the nightscape of Seoul, cars driving by down in the streets and irregular patterns of lit windows gracing the buildings around them.

Yoongi felt his eyelids grow heavy, meanwhile lying on the couch and only staring at his notes while he twirled his pencil around in his hand, not really doing anything anymore. He blinked a few times, closing his books and notebook and dropping the pencil back into his backpack, not caring that he would need to search for it later on. It was Friday, there was no need for a pencil tomorrow anyway.

He didn’t even realized that he had curled up and fallen asleep at some point, only waking up when the lights inside the office were already turned off, those from the hallway illuminating a broad frame leaning above him. He was picked up bridal style and made a small, confused noise, not really wanting to wake up any further.

“Go back to sleep, pumpkin,” Namjoon gentle voice said. “We’re going home.”

Yoongi just hummed and was sucked back into the land of dreams, kind of recognizing the hum of a car’s engine and the rustling of

clothes before he felt something soft underneath him and sighed contently, curling into the softness and continuing to sleep.

He was woken up by a crash the next morning, scrunching up his nose and forcing his eyes to open the slightest bit, hearing hissed curses nearby.

“Joonie?” he slurred sleepily, angling his head so he was able to look at the big dresser that stood on the opposite wall, seeing Namjoon there dressed in semi formal clothes and a troubled look on his face. “What you doing?” Yoongi mumbled. Saturdays and Sundays were sleep-in-days. What was the older doing up and dressed already? He wanted to cuddle, his Namjoon-cuddle-time was in the negative for this week… month rather… and he really wanted to change that.

“Go back to sleep, honey,” the older said softly, hoping the younger was too tired to realize what was going on since he always needed quite a while to be fully awake but his words had the complete opposite effect. Yoongi sat up with some trouble, rubbing his eyes and still looking incredibly tired which made Namjoon feel even worse for dropping several clothing hangers and waking him up. “Is something wrong?” Yoongi asked with a yawn, hair standing up in random directions, brain still not working and mind pretty much empty.

“No, honey, just go back to sleep. I… I’m just going to the office for a few hours. I’ll be back in a bit.”

There, now it was out.

Yoongi looked at the older blankly before turning his head to look at the digital alarm clock, needing a moment to read to bold red letters. “It’s Saturday,” he said sleepily. “Why you going to the office?”

Namjoon tugged on his cardigan and went over to the bed, running a hand through Yoongi’s hair and making him lie down again. “Just for some stuff,” he said, crouched next to the bed to be on the same eye-level as the younger. “I have a lot of work at the moment, don’t worry about it,” he said with a smile, massaging Yoongi’s scalp and he could see the younger’s eyes were fighting to stay open. “Just sleep some more,” he said quietly, trying to lull him back to sleep. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Promise?” Yoongi asked in a small, frail voice, one hand reaching out for Namjoon’s who took it and pressed a small kiss to his knuckles,

feeling like some sort of monster for leaving like this. “Yeah, promise. Now sleep,” he whispered, kissing the student’s forehead.

Yoongi sighed softly, closing his eyes. “Love you.”

Namjoon smiled almost sadly. “Yeah, love you too.”

Once the lawyer arrive at his office and had settled down at his desk he completely forgot about the time, working away without any interruptions for once and reading document after document after document, planning out his strategy and arguments, rereading the files again and looking at his notes from after the last meeting. The first time he looked at the clock was when his phone started vibrating in a particular pattern, the one he had set for Yoongi so he’d know immediately who it was and wouldn’t ignore it in case of an emergency.

His eyes switched to the time indication at the bottom of his screen and a wave of dread, guilt and worry washed over him. It was already 3:48 after all and he had left at around nine in the morning. He honestly considered ignoring the call for a second but that made him feel even guiltier, not knowing where this sudden thought of avoiding-is-better-than-confronting came from so he took a deep breath and accepted the call.

“Hey,” he said, trying to sound light despite his guilty feelings, nibbling on his lower lip.

“Joon,” came Yoongi’s voice from the other end of the line, making the older close his eyes and massage his temple. “I just… you said you’d be back in a bit and I… um… I was wondering if you were already on your way home because I wanted to make some food…”

Namjoon was silent for a moment, biting the inside of his cheek and tapping his pen against the sheet of paper in front of him a few times, honestly just wanting to stay quiet about the matter and not say anything but he had to. “Not yet, honey. There… there’s a lot to do. You should eat something when you’re hungry, don’t wait up for me. I need to stay a bit longer,” he said, fearing the other’s response slightly but for a few seconds there was only silence.

“Oh…okay,” Yoongi said quietly, this reaction almost worse than getting nagged at. “Then I’ll put something aside for you, okay?”

“Yeah, thanks.”

The younger hummed. “Kay… ‘ntil later.”

Namjoon opened his mouth to say something back but there was already the repetitive beep in his ear, signalizing the younger had hung up before he has had a chance to say anything, looking at his phone’s screen sadly before sighing and putting it aside.

He continued his work without any further interruptions, once again not paying any attention to the time and he startled upon looking outside the big window wall to his right only to see that it was already night, looking at the time and cursing.

9:24

He stood up, groaning as his spine made a few popping noises, and quickly grabbed his coat. He hurried down the stairs after locking his office and jumped into his car. Of course he had to get stuck in a stupid traffic jam along the way, wherever that came from on a Saturday night, thrumming his fingers on the wheel impatiently. He had promised Yoongi to watch a movie with him tonight, one that was part of the TV program so they couldn’t just rewatch it whenever. Technically they could just buy or rent the movie as well but he knew he had missed a lot of stuff and canceled quite a bit and he really felt guilty about it so he tried to at least be back home for some of the movie.

It seemed all traffic lights were trying to mock him, always switching to red once he had finally managed to escape the heavy traffic. That one time he really needed to hurry the world had turned against him. Of course.

He needed over an hour to get home, opening the door to his apartment at exactly 10:41 just to see Yoongi in his pajamas in the living room, remote in his hand and looking at at the lawyer upon hearing him enter. There was a crumpled blanket on the couch and an empty bowl and glass on the coffee table, meaning Yoongi had most certainly watched the movie alone.

The younger smiled at the lawyer, but it didn’t reach his eyes at all and seemed quite empty. “Hey,” he just said quietly and sat down the remote onto the shelf, picking up the bowl and glass to bring them to the kitchen and put them in the dishwasher.

Namjoon still stood at the entrance, not really knowing what to say. He felt incredibly guilty and Yoongi not nagging at him made it even worse.

“I’m… going to bed. There’s still food in the fridge if you’re hungry,” the student mumbled before padding down the hallway towards the bathroom to brush his teeth.

The lawyer slowly walked into the kitchen and ate a bit of the leftovers in complete silence, hearing Yoongi go to bed and joining him in the bedroom after brushing his teeth. He looked at the younger who was already asleep and curled up on the left side of the bed. Namjoon sighed and crawled under the covers as well, turning off the light on his bedside table and staring off into space with a blank mind until he finally fell asleep.

The noise of something frying in a pan and the sound of something being stirred woke him up what felt like only a minute later, squinting at the door which was wide open. He huffed and dropped his head back into the pillow, hoping to block out all the annoying noise. He just wanted to sleep.

Sadly the noise kept up so he muttered something under his breath and dragged himself out of bed, closing the door before crawling back into his previous spot and continuing to sleep.

“..oon….. Joon……..Namjoon!” Someone shook his shoulder and he grumbled, opening his eyes slightly and looking at Yoongi who stared back at him with a questioning look like he was trying to solve a riddle. “You gonna get up?” he asked. “I already ate breakfast because I couldn’t get you to to wake up, you were out like a light.”

Namjoon just closed his eyes again and turned away from the younger. No, he didn’t want to get up, he just wanted to sleep.

“Namjoon?” Yoongi asked with a frown, climbing onto the bed and tugging on the elder’s shirt. “You okay?”

The older grunted.

“Are you feeling sick? Do you have a fever?” the student asked in a concerned manner, putting a hand on the lawyer’s forehead but it wasn’t unusually warm. He really hoped this wasn’t the same as on the last weekends but he had a feeling that it was. “Do you want to get up and eat? I made eggs and bacon but they’re cold now. I can make some more for you if you want or pancakes. I still have some

from yesterday and we have fresh bread and-”

Namjoon was too tired to roll his eyes. “No.”

Yoongi blinked in surprise, taken aback by the annoyed-sounding and cut-short response, mouthing a questioning ‘No?’ and furrowing his eyebrows. Not again. “It’s almost two,” he said carefully and leaned over the other in an attempt to have a look at his face.

The older stayed silent, no reaction whatsoever.

“You can’t just sleep the whole day.”

Still no reaction so Yoongi put a hand on the elder’s shoulder.

“Namjoon.”

“What?!” the student flinched and pulled his hand back as if he had been burned as the older glared at him over his shoulder, not knowing what was going on and he was really worried. Namjoon usually never refused to get up except *that* happened and now he didn’t even talk. He didn’t say what was going on and before he had really given the younger a small heart attack by not waking up at all no matter what even though it wasn’t the first time. He was really scared whenever this happened and that it did a lot the past few weeks and it worried him a lot.

“Is everything okay?” Yoongi asked quietly, worry clouding his eyes but Namjoon didn’t care, just turning back around and tugging the blanket higher around his shoulders. “Just let me sleep.”

It was silent for a while before the weight next to him disappeared. “Okay,” Yoongi said quietly after a small clicking sound and left the room, closing the door behind him silently and asking himself how many more times the older would be like this, Namjoon already back to sleeping.

It was a mystery to Namjoon how he had slept through until six in the morning the following day and still felt tired. He was woken by his alarm clock, completely and utterly confused before realizing Yoongi must have set it for him the day before. He huffed and dragged himself out of bed, rubbing his eyes as he walked to the kitchen. He hadn’t eaten anything yesterday after all so he was incredibly hungry, finding an orange note stuck to the door of his fridge.

Call me when you feel better

Food is in the fridge

-Yoongi

He reread the note several times, sighing heavily as he opened the fridge and took out a plate with food. It wasn't anything for breakfast but he was too hungry to care.

Everything went by in a blur until he arrived at the office, Nari looking at him with slightly furrowed eyebrows, mumbling a small 'good morning' and only able to regain her composure once Namjoon had almost disappeared into his office.

"Mr. Kim, Mrs. Lee called me first thing this morning and would like to prepone the meeting to Wednesday afternoon. Would that be alright?"

Namjoon thought for a long moment before nodding his head. "Yeah, that'll be alright."

He disappeared into his office and didn't come out until almost seven pm, Nari finishing up some last things and looking up in surprise upon seeing him.

"You shouldn't stay this late," Namjoon said and she smiled apologetically. He just sighed and bid her goodbye, halting in his steps as she called out to him.

"I know I shouldn't pry but… is everything alright. You don't look very good," she said in a concerned manner and Namjoon was reminded of Yoongi whom he still had yet to call. "No it's… it's fine, everything's alright," he said, sounding like he was trying to convince himself as well.

"I see," Nari said quietly. "But please take care of your health. I know this case is important but so is your health, Mr. Kim."

He smiled tiredly and nodded his head. "I'll keep that in mind. Good night, Nari."

"Good night, Mr. Kim. Have a safe trip home."

Are you feeling better?

Namjoon only saw the message once he was home, sighing again,

feeling like this was all he did the last few days. Why was it that he felt guilty about not wanting to answer Yoongi but still not wanting to answer despite feeling guilty which made him feel even guiltier?

He shook his head and stared at the written words, his thumbs hovering above the buttons and needing some moments before he was able to type out a short message.

Yeah, just tired

Sorry for yesterday

It's fine…

Can I come over tomorrow for a sleepover then? Maybe we can watch a movie?

Namjoon bit his lip.

I'm going to be working late again, sorry

Oh…okay…

Go to bed early then

You too

Wednesday came way too soon and the meeting with Mrs. Lee took way too long. Namjoon was exhausted and even after the meeting ended he still had to go through everything they had talked about, wanting nothing more than to crash on the black leather couch and just sleep for a week.

He was pulled out his working-frenzy upon getting a message from Yoongi.

Where are you?

Namjoon?

The first had been sent more than twenty minutes before the second one, the lawyer probably having overheard the notification. Namjoon furrowed his eyebrows, not knowing where this question originated from all of the sudden.

The office… why?

He saw that Yoongi had read his message but he didn't get anything back for almost ten minutes, making him worry slightly.

Look at the date

Namjoon did.

But nothing out of the ordinary happened. He looked at the message again and back at the date for almost a minute before standing up and opening the door of his office.

"Nari?"

The woman looked up at him with a crooked head, stopping the typing on her computer. She was working late again but Namjoon had given up on telling her to do otherwise as he himself did the same.

"Did I have any other schedule for this evening?"

She blinked a few times, obviously surprised by the question before typing something into her computer, probably checking the calendar to make sure she hadn't forgotten to inform her boss about an important appointment or anything of the sorts. It was already way after work hours so she didn't really know what kind of appointment there could be. "Um… no, Mr. Kim, I don't have any schedules written here for you."

Namjoon hummed, nodding his head slowly and trying to figure out what on earth Yoongi meant. He needed to work, why did this boy suddenly ask him to solve some sort of riddle, already closing the door absentmindedly.

"Oh, but, Mr. Kim?"

He opened the door again and looked at his secretary with a raised eyebrow, the woman nibbling on her lip for a moment almost unsurely. "I… might be mistaken and please correct me if I am but…" she looked up at her boss hesitantly. "Isn't today your and Yoongi's anniversary? Didn't you have something planned?"

Namjoon stared at her silently and didn't move for a long moment until-

"FUCK!"

He rushed back into his office and looked at the clock.

8:27

They had reserved a table for seven pm.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” he chanted like a mantra, grabbing his keys, wallet and phone and shoving them in the packets of his coat, rushing out of his office like a madman and promptly overhearing the warning ‘Please drive carefully!’ from Nari. He jumped into his car and tried calling Yoongi but the younger didn’t pick up.

The usual ten minute ride was complete in a little under seven minutes, the car parked somewhere hastily. Namjoon pushed the door to the fancy restaurant open, looking around and trying to spot a head of mint-green hair but was unable to do so, some customers looking at him oddly.

“May I help you, sir?” a man, obviously a waiter, judging from his formal attire, asked him politely and Namjoon looked around once more before he turned his attention to the elderly man, sure his expression was nothing but desperate and frantic.

“I… was there a student here? Like this tall,” he held his hand up to the height of his nose. “And with mint-green hair?”

“Oh,” the waiter thought for a short moment, Namjoon waiting nervously and stepping from one foot onto the other. “Ah, yes, said he was waiting for someone but ended up eating alone… poor thing.” He eyed Namjoon, probably figuring what was going on. “He left around fifteen, maybe twenty, minutes ago.”

“Fuck,” Namjoon hissed under his breath. “Thank you,” he half bowed to the waiter before rushing out again, holding his phone to his ear and trying to call Yoongi who still didn’t pick up so he sent dozens of frantic messages.

Yoongi

Please

I’m sorry

Fuck, I’m so sorry

I forgot

Please

I'm a horrible person

Please, Yoongi

At least call me

Did you get home?

Are you home?

Yoongi?

Leave me alone

Namjoon breathed out in relief at getting some sort of living sign from his boyfriend.

I'm so, so sorry, fuck, I really messed up

Please, pick up

I want to apologize

Please, Yoongi

I'm so fucking sorry, please

But he didn't get anything back and his messages and calls were completely ignored. He slumped into the driver's seat of his car and rested his head on the steering wheel, staring at his phone which remained silent.

"Fuck," he whispered and ran a hand through his hair before dragging it over his face. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Yoongi had been so thrilled about their anniversary, babbling on and on about what they could do and where they could go the following weekend to celebrate.

He really was a horrible person, forgetting the day Yoongi had been more excited about than his own birthday. He had let him sit alone in a restaurant all by himself for over an hour, waiting for him and had ended up eating alone although it had been supposed to be a meaningful date for the two of them, Namjoon had promised to treat him to the best sushi in town.

Even upon asking where he was he hadn't gotten any reaction. Namjoon hadn't even realized until Nari, his secretary… his *secretary* , had pointed it out to him.

What kind of boyfriend was he?

How was he supposed to make up for something like this?

He had been way too busy to pay much attention to Yoongi for over three weeks now, always cancelling their plans, telling him he'd get home late and not to wait up for him and now this.

The drive home was numb and silent, his apartment was silent, Yoongi obviously having gone back to his own place. He threw his keys onto the table and slumped down into one of the chairs, remaining there for almost half and hour and staring at the wall blankly.

His eyes fell onto the note on the fridge which he still hadn't taken down before glancing at the calendar on the wall, today's date circled in red and a small fish drawn next to it together with a 7 and an exclamation mark.

Namjoon dragged himself into the bedroom and dug out a gift box from his closet, hidden underneath a bunch of socks so Yoongi wouldn't find it if he were to rummage through his closet for a shirt.

He stroked over the velvet packaging and the golden bow on top of it, carefully taking off the lid and peering inside although he knew exactly what it contained. Resting upon beige satin cushions was a sleek-black collar, made from leather with a thin layer of soft padding on the inside. It had a small bell of the front just like Yoongi's current collar, but was slightly thicker and more luxurious, two small, silver chains going from the middle towards the sides. On the inside, stitched into the padding was 'Sir's lovely sub'.

Namjoon had been convinced Yoongi would love it, now he wasn't so sure anymore. Now he didn't even know if he'd ever get the honor of calling Yoongi his sub again after today.

He had really messed up.

"Fuck, I don't know what to do," Namjoon said, running a hand through his messy hair again, Seokjin seated on the bar stool next to

him and twirling his drink, humming thoughtfully.

“Well, from what I’ve heard you messed up big time,” he said, side-eyeing his friend and taking a sip from his drink, the younger sighing in defeat. “He won’t talk to me, like… he ignores all my messages and my calls and just… I don’t know what to do.”

Seokjin looked at him silently for a long time, analyzing his friend’s messy appearance. “This really isn’t like you,” he said eventually. “How did you even forget your anniversary? Yoongi told pretty much everyone he met about it. How can your forget that?”

Namjoon groaned helplessly. “I don’t know… it just… I completely forgot. I had so much work to do and I always cancelled on him and I just didn’t realize it’s be so soon, I just shoved it to the back of my head. I didn’t even think about it the entire last week.”

“Are you working like a maniac again?” the older asked in a scolding tone and Namjoon didn’t even have to say anything, this time Seokjin being the one who sighed heavily, setting aside his drink and turning to face his friend fully.

“Look, I know you love your work and I know it’s easy to get lost in it, I have the same problem, but once work takes over your personal life you should draw a line. One that you shouldn’t cross. Not just for relationships like ours but all kinds of relationships. You can’t expect Yoongi to be okay with being neglected like this, put yourself in his shoes. What would you do if he did what you’re doing?”

The younger was silent for a while, thinking about Yoongi overworking himself, which he was prone to, always being tired, snapping at him and not coming to see him.

“I’d… probably scold the hell out of him and make him stay home to rest…” he said quietly, slowly getting an idea out Yoongi’s feelings and seeing the situation from a different perspective.

Seokjin nodded. “Right, so seeing it from his view, don’t you think you’ve been kind of an asshole about all this?”

“That’s really helpful,” Namjoon grumbled, emptying his remaining drink while the older rolled his eyes. “I can’t comfort someone who doesn’t deserve to be comforted,” he shot back, the lawyer deflating even more in his seat and feeling like he was a child being scolded by its mother for shoving other kids. “Now get your head out of your ass and stop moping around, that’s not gonna help anyone.”

The younger nodded and took a deep breath, straightening up again. He really had to get himself back together.

“I think you should man up and go see him, talk about it like you’d do if it was something about the bedroom. Let both sides talk, see what they are thinking and try to find a compromise. Set up some rules for both of you, that’ll make it easier,” Seokjin advised.

Namjoon gathered new determination and nodded his head, pushing himself up and ready to walk all the way to Yoongi’s place which was pretty far actually.

“Namjoon,” he turned to Seokjin who looked at him with a serious expression. “Not today, sleep it all over, think about it and do it tomorrow with a clear head. You don’t want to slur like a drunken sailor, do you?”

The younger wanted to protest but snapped his mouth shut, unable to deny the question. “Fine,” he huffed, shoulders slumping a bit. “Thanks, Seokjin.”

The older smiled. “No problem. Go get your relationship back together.”

Yoongi sniffled, wiping his cheeks to get rid of the few tears which had rolled down from his eyes. He was being stupid, crying for days over something as silly as this.

Namjoon had just forgotten.

He had better stuff to do.

He had work

You don’t have any work, stop being so ridiculous.

The man has responsibilities.

Your date just wasn’t important enough.

Your anniversary… which was supposed to be special…

He let you sit alone for an hour…

You had to eat alone…

Went home alone…

Cried yourself to sleep alone…

Because he forgot.

Yoongi's eyes stung with fresh tears, not caring enough to continue wiping them away, just curling up against the headboard of his bed, snuggling into the pillows and hugging a stuffed animal close.

He hated being such an emotional mess but he was really just upset about the whole thing.

He had thought things would be better after they had celebrated their anniversary, thought Namjoon would never forget something like this so he hadn't said anything. He didn't want to be annoying after all and he knew how hard he worked so he had tried being understanding and not turn into an attention-seeking lover that clung to him like a leech.

Maybe he should have said something when the elder had cancelled their sleepover but he didn't want to stress him even more but turns out Namjoon hadn't even remembered their anniversary. Even after getting some messages from Yoongi he hadn't figured it out and after saying he was at the office and wondering why he was asking about his whereabouts the student had just sat at the table, stunned and shocked into silence. No, Namjoon hadn't been stuck in traffic or anything, he had really forgotten and didn't seem to remember what kind of day it was.

Yoongi had just sat there, staring at the table and crying silently until the nice, elderly waiter had asked him if everything was alright. He had tried to force a smile, wiping away his tears and saying everything was fine, that he was just waiting for someone. His voice might had cracked quite a bit.

After that the man had recommended some sushi he should try, personally bringing him the plate and saying it was on the house, shocking Yoongi slightly. The student had tried to refuse but the waiter wouldn't have any of it and just smiled, telling him to enjoy his meal.

The food had been great but Yoongi just couldn't savor it, eating it slowly while thinking about how the day should have went instead. He had thanked the waiter again when he left, taking the subway home and blocking out all noise with his headphones playing some soft beats. It all just felt so, so unreal.

Upon the door falling shut behind him he had just kind of lost it, breaking down in his hallway and sobbing into his hands, curled up in the corner and trying to muffle his sobs with his sleeve but nothing worked.

His phone had gone crazy with message and calls, having picked it up although he didn't want to and just felt anger, disappointment and betrayal upon reading the messages. Seems like Namjoon had figured it out.

Yoongi just typed *leave me alone* , not wanting to hear any of the elder's apologies, turned off his phone and threw it away, continuing to crying until he had no more tears left. He dragged himself to the bathroom, feeling completely drained and almost starting to cry again as he saw himself in the mirror looking like a mess.

He washed his face, taking off everything he had put on to look nice, took a shower and curled up in his bed, feeling lonely and tired.

Now, a few days later, he felt a bit better but he still got these short crying fits where he was just angry and upset at Namjoon and at himself for crying like this and relying on eating ice cream like some stupid girl in a drama. He climbed down from his bed and shuffled to the kitchen to get a glass of juice, wanting to take his mind off of everything as he heard the door bell going off. He didn't feel like seeing anyone but he suspected it was either the elderly woman from next door or one of the house janitors or maybe even one of his friends so he shuffled over to the entrance, trying his get rid off all the tears, and opened the door, not really caring that he wore just a pair of leggings and a hoodie that was way too big for him.

The first thing he saw were shiny shoes that he knew all too well and his eyes switched up, staring back at a very worried and guilty-looking Namjoon. Yoongi was too surprised to react for a moment before he looked away in order not to cry again. "What do you want?" he asked quietly, the older stepping from one foot onto the other almost nervously.

"Yoongi, I'm so sorry. I… I know I can't really make it up to you, fuck I really messed up but please just… I just want to apologize and say that I'm sorry and that I miss you." He looked at the younger hopefully who closed his eyes and took a deep breath in order to remain somewhat calm.

"You forgot our anniversary," he whispered, feeling the tears coming

back and there was honestly nothing he could do to stop them.

“I know, I-”

“You fucking forgot and you didn’t even realize!” Yoongi snapped, glaring at the older who had been stunned into silence, having never seen the student act like this. “You just work, work, work and work an you didn’t even care! I thought okay maybe he’s stuck in traffic, maybe he wants to surprise you, maybe something took longer than expect but no! You just let me sit there all by myself, waiting for *over an hour for you* and you didn’t even *remember* even when I *asked* where you were! You just let me sit there by myself, wondering when you’d show up and then you didn’t even come!” Yoongi was yelling and hiccupping in between by now, wiping his eyes furiously and trying to stop the tears, his speech jumbled and wavy.

“Yoongi-” Namjoon tried, feeling utterly helpless and it tore his heart to pieces to see the younger like this but the student just turned away from him as he reached out for his shoulder which was like a slap to the face.

“No! Y-you don’t just get to come he-ere, saying you’re s-sorry and everything’s f-forgotten! Do you know how often you cancelled on me?” It was obviously a rhetorical question but Namjoon still shook his head carefully.

“Eight fucking times! In just three weeks! You’re always at the office and when you’re home you sleep like a stone! You don’t get up at all no matter what I try, the house could be on fire and you still wouldn’t care! Do you even know how fucking scared I was?!” Yoongi yelled, sobbing pitifully and Namjoon really didn’t know what to say, too shocked to form any kind of response.

“I get that you have to work a lot. It get it, I get it, I get it! B-but you didn’t even care anymore, I didn’t see you anymore and you were always just sleeping and- fuck I was so scared!” The mint-haired was breathing in a choked up way and Namjoon felt like crying himself, kind of forgetting that he was still standing in the hallway.

“L-like I was wondering if you did it because I-I’m annoying, because I’m getting on y-your nerves and yo-ou d-don’t want to spend t-time with me because I’m too clingy and you just didn’t want to see me o-or maybe I’m boring o-or not good enough and yo-ou just-”

“Fuck, Yoongi, no. No, no, no,” Namjoon said, jumping forward without thinking and wrapping his arms around the younger who

struggled slightly, causing them to stagger back into the apartment and the door falling shut behind them.

“No, Yoongi, please, don’t believe that. You know it’s not true. I would never do that,” the older said, hugging the younger’s shaking form tightly and rubbing his back soothingly, hoping to calm him down somehow. “I love you, I love everything about you and you could never be annoying. You’re perfect and it’s all my fault. I’m so, so sorry. I did everything wrong and I messed up, I made you sad and I just… I sorry.”

“No,” Yoongi said weakly, hiccupping into the elder’s chest. “That’s not fair. Y-you can’t just…c-come here a-and…,” he cut himself off, clutching onto the back of the lawyer’s shirt and sobbing a few times, the sounds breaking the elder’s heart even further and he asked himself how he didn’t notice how much pressure and sadness his behavior was causing the student. “P-please don’t leave me alone,” the younger whimpered and was pulled even closer.

“I’d never ever leave you, Yoongi,” Namjoon said, voice a bit unstable as well. “I love you, I’d never leave. I messed up and made you sad, it’s my fault.”

The student clung to him almost desperately for more than minute before he eased his grip ever so slightly and his breath stabilized a bit. “Y-yeah, it is,” Yoongi mumbled quietly, barely above a whisper and the older was glad he was slowly calming down, continuing to rub his back and pressing a kiss onto the top of his head while he sniffled and tried calming down from his sudden outburst.

They stayed in complete silence for what felt like forever, wrapped into each other’s arms before Yoongi leaned back slightly and looked up at Namjoon with puffy eyes, circling his hands around the back of his neck and tugging him down.

“Come here,” he mumbled hoarsely and pressed their lips together. They kissed softly and slowly, nothing more, nothing heated, but it was still a good feeling.

“I missed you,” Yoongi whispered, glancing up at Namjoon who smiled sadly. “Me too.”

The younger sighed and ran a hand across his face, taking a small step back.

“I…” Namjoon started, the student looking at him. “I won’t make the

same mistake again. I won't put work before us," he said in a serious manner.

Yoongi looked at him. "Promise?" he asked quietly. "No more stone sleeping and working until midnight?" Namjoon nodded his head dutifully. "Yeah, promise."

The younger swallowed and nodded softly, fiddling with his hand in an embarrassed manner and looking to the side. "I won't scream at you in the hallway again," he mumbled quietly and Namjoon chuckled. "I think I deserved that."

Yoongi nodded his head. "You did," he said and smiled softly but teasingly up at Namjoon who in turn ruffled the younger's hair affectionately.

"I had a present for you… for our anniversary," he said carefully, Yoongi perking up at that, eyes still puffy and face still flushed but at least he wasn't crying and upset anymore. "But I think that needs to wait a little while so I got you something else. Do you want it now or when we go out to celebrate for real?"

"Don't tell me you have a present and then ask if I want it now or later," Yoongi whined, hitting the elder's chest who laughed and searched for said item in the pocket of his coat. "Okay, I guess that means now." He revealed a small box and gave it to Yoongi who took off the lid carefully, picking up the silver necklace with a rounded, triangular tag, their anniversary date carved into it. The student smiled softly and pushed the necklace into Namjoon's hands, turning around.

The older was surprised for a moment but understood quickly, wrapping the thin silver chain around Yoongi's neck and and fiddling with the clasp in the back until it was secure. Yoongi skipped over to the mirror and looked at the piece of jewelry, the tag resting right where his collarbones were. He turned around and kissed Namjoon's cheek with a soft 'thank you' before dashing into his room and emerging a moment later with a present, pushing it into Namjoon's hands and looking away bashfully.

The lawyer was clearly surprised by the gesture, carefully treating off the wrapping and coming face to face with a photo book. He looked at each page which was adorned by a few photos and tickets, always a date and a small text underneath to say what they had done on their particular date and some of Yoongi's thoughts. He was amazed by the

amount of effort put into the gift, looking at his boyfriend with big eyes.

“You can’t really wear it or anything but I thought it was a nice idea,” he mumbled and made a noise of surprise as he was kissed, looking up at a smiling Namjoon.

“It’s amazing, I love it. Thank you, Yoongi.”

“Stop calling me Yoongi, feels like we’re strangers,” the younger muttered which made the lawyer laugh. “Okay, I’m sorry. Thank you, cupcake.”

The younger grumbled something under his breath, cheeks red. “S’ nothing...lo-

“Love you,” Namjoon interrupted him and grinned, Yoongi looking at him dumbfounded before he had to smile. “Love you too.”

The younger was obviously happy about the usually exchange of affection, fiddling with his hands again and trying to hide his smile with sleeves. “This is a bit stupid and cliche but… um… I have like two giant tubs of ice cream in the freezer so… you want some?” he looked up at the older carefully who smiled and nodded his head. “I think I can really use some right now.”

So there they were, laying around on Yoongi’s couch with Big Hero 6 and eating ice cream straight from the carton with big spoons, curled into each other and hands intertwined underneath the blanket.

“You still have to take me out for an anniversary date though.”

Namjoon just laughed softly and kissed his lover’s cheek. “Of course, choose whatever you want.”

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